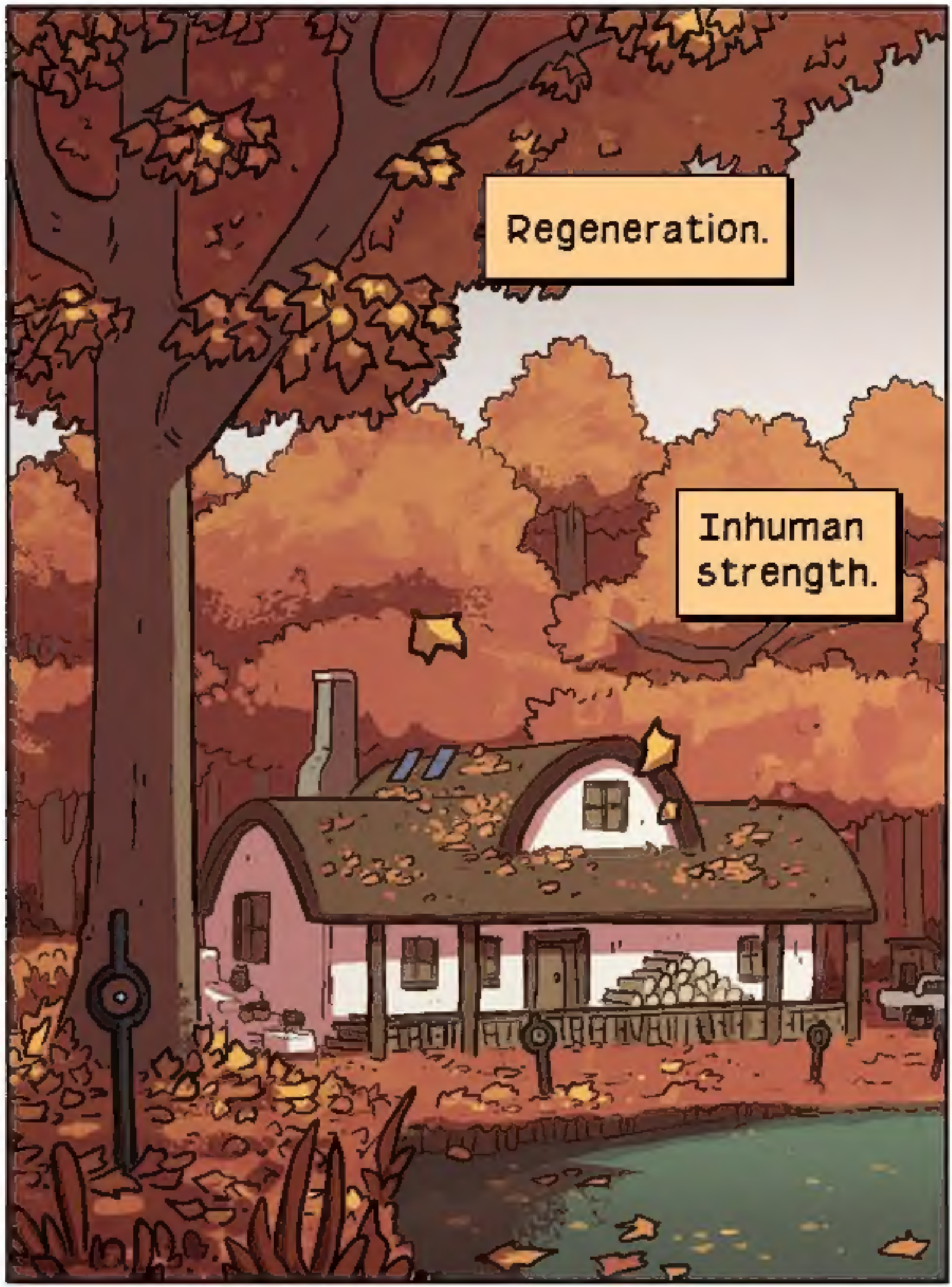
THE SWORD INTERVAL

BY BEN FLEUTER

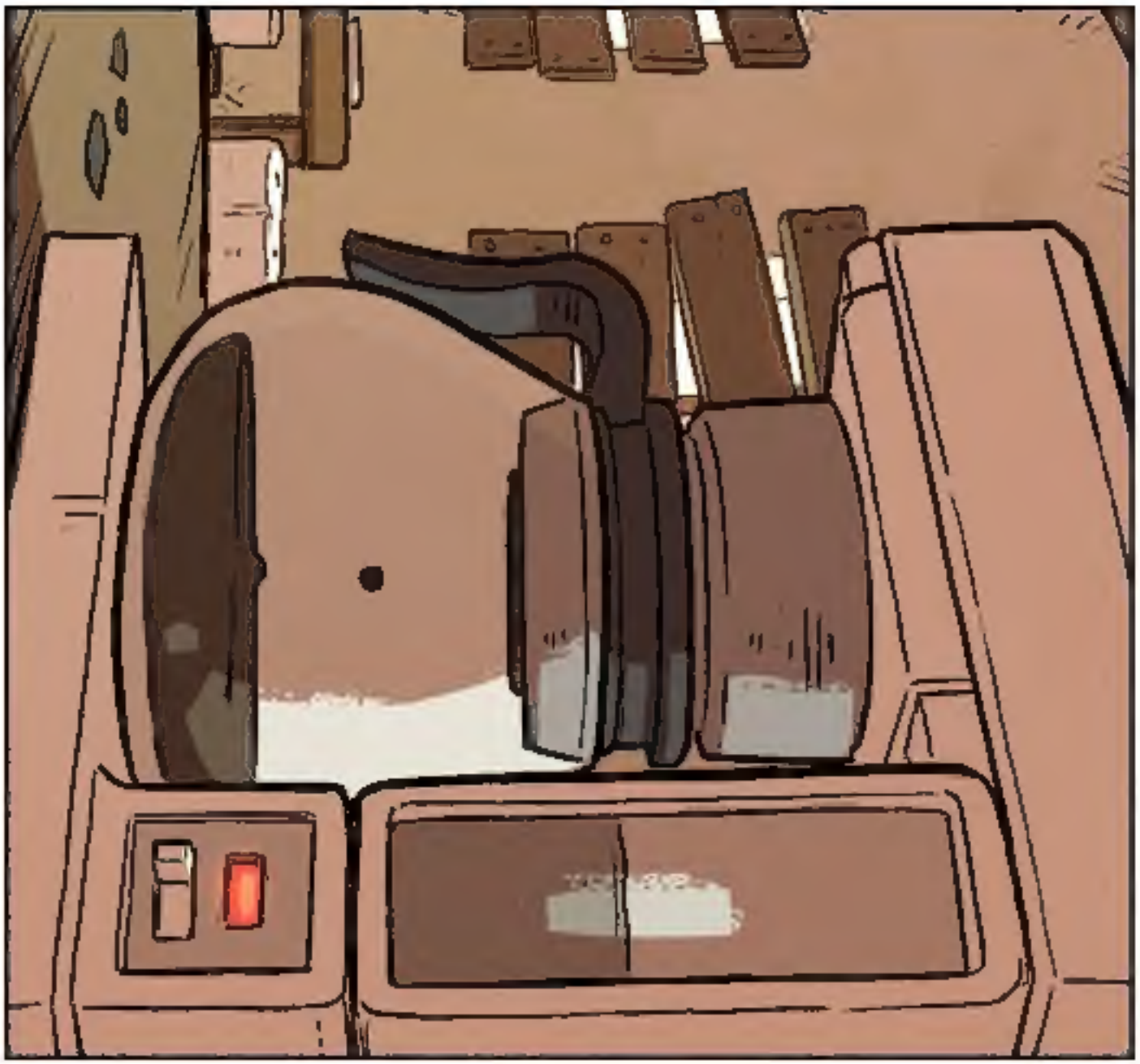

Regeneration.
Inhuman strength.

And I still take like three cups of coffee to get going in the morning.

GASP!

AAUG!
David..?

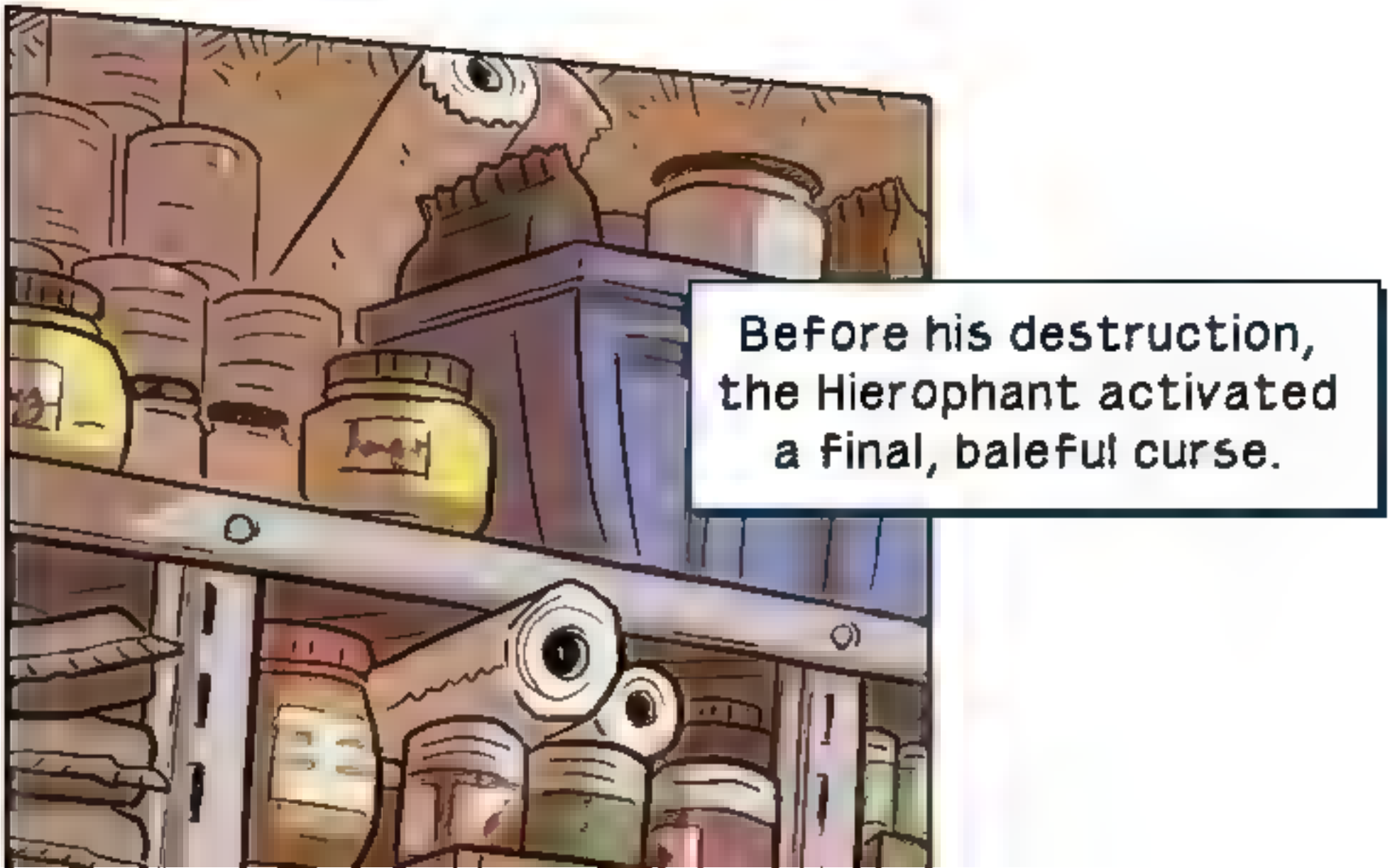
E IS
FEE



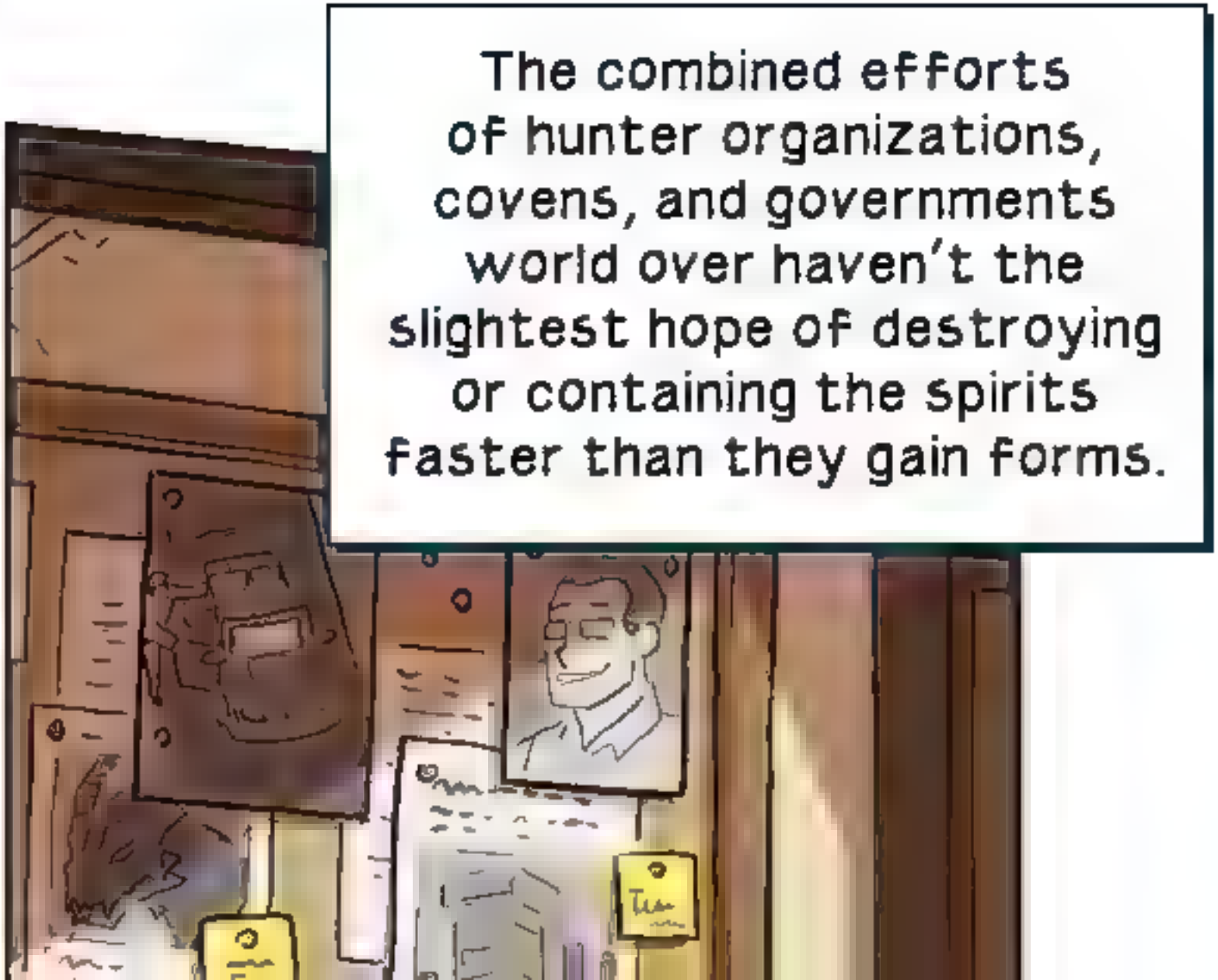
David??
Ghn!
Damn, man!
S-sorry, sorry! I've never done a fracture reduction without x-rays!
Or... on a human.

whew!

Oh, good.
The Harbinger graces us with her presence.
Let us begin.


Before his destruction, the Hierophant activated a final, baleful curse.

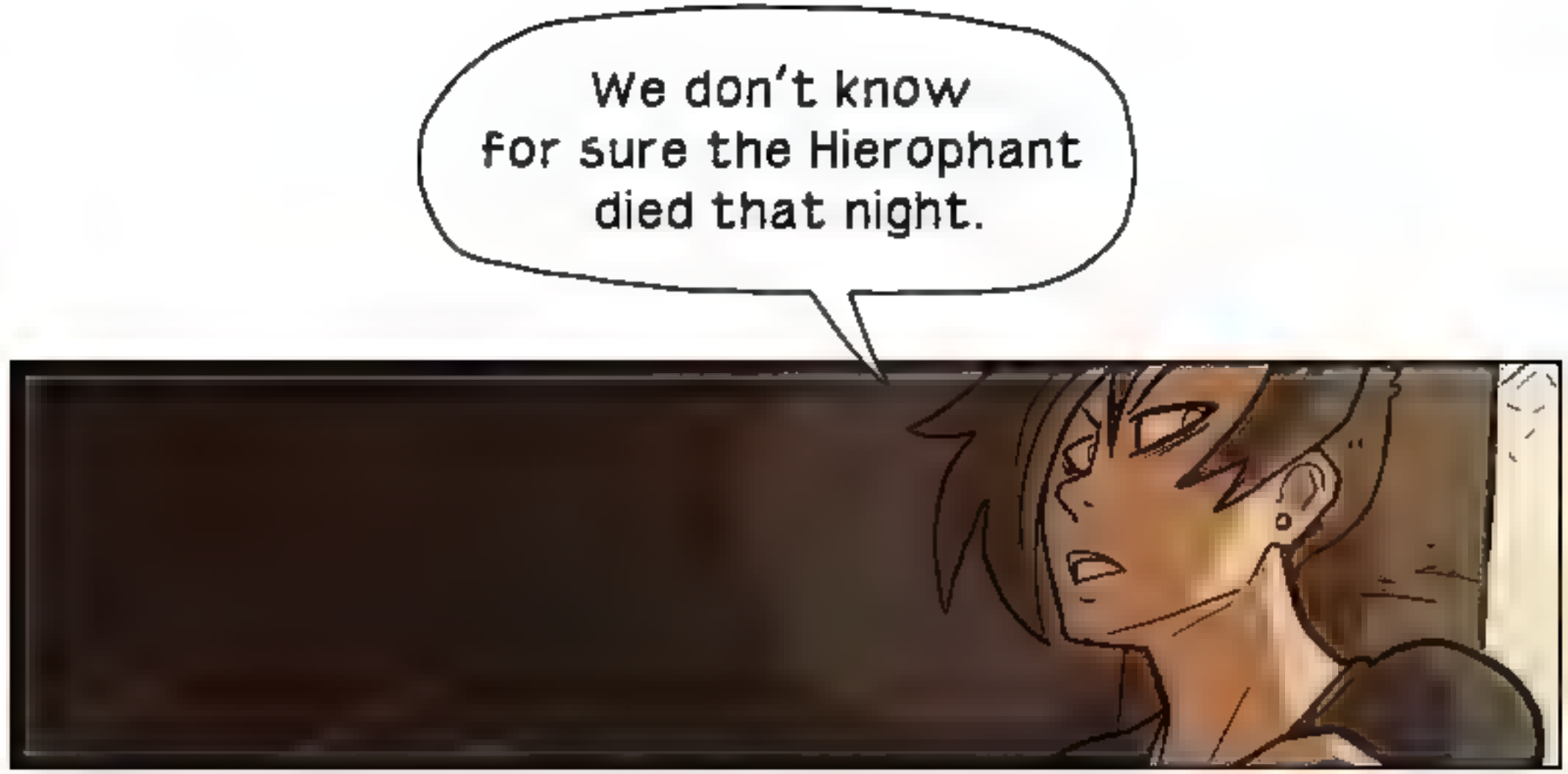
Spirit sightings during the initial surge numbered in the thousands, and every day since has seen hundreds of new reports.

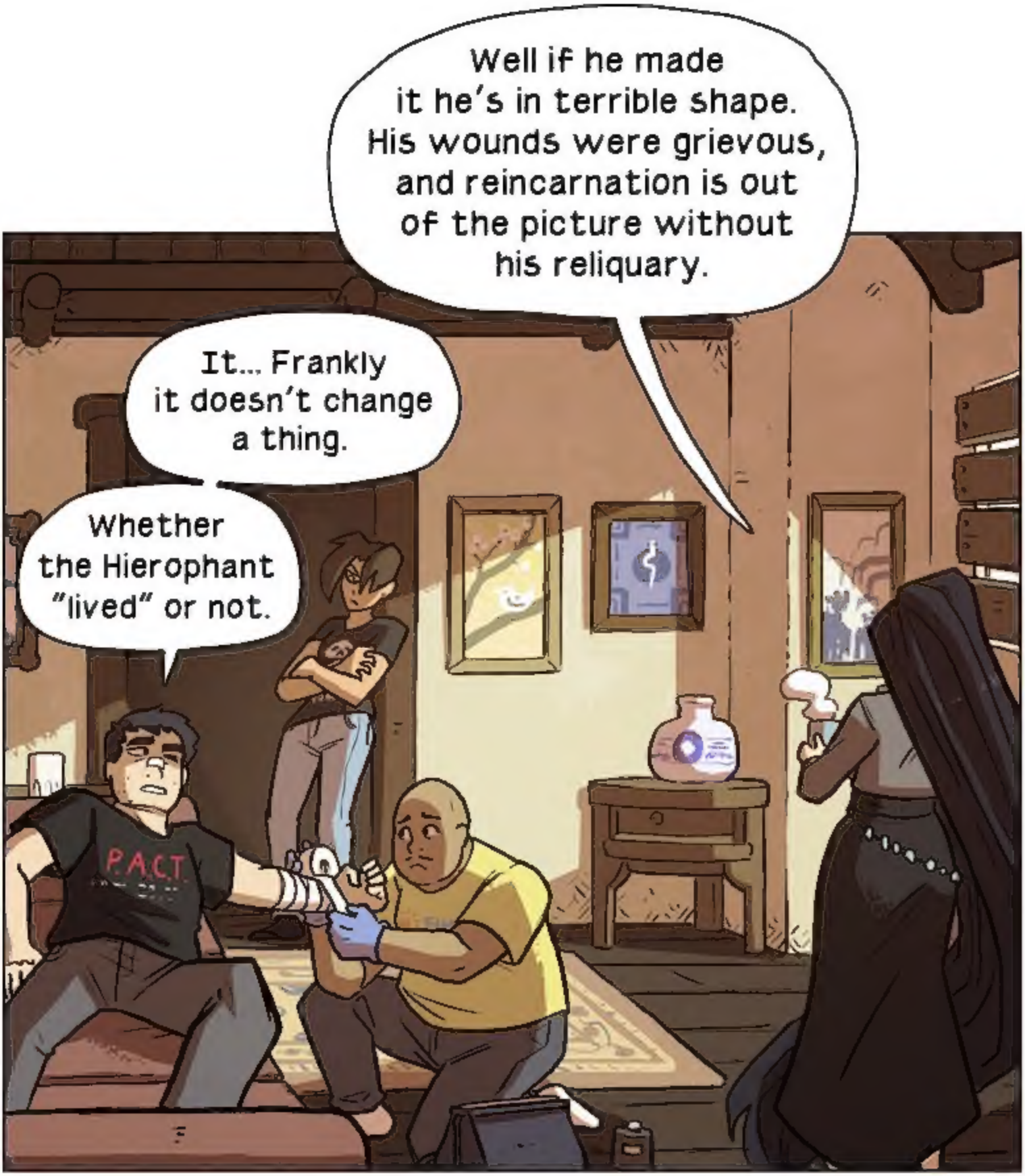

The combined efforts of hunter organizations, covens, and governments world over haven't the slightest hope of destroying or containing the spirits faster than they gain forms.

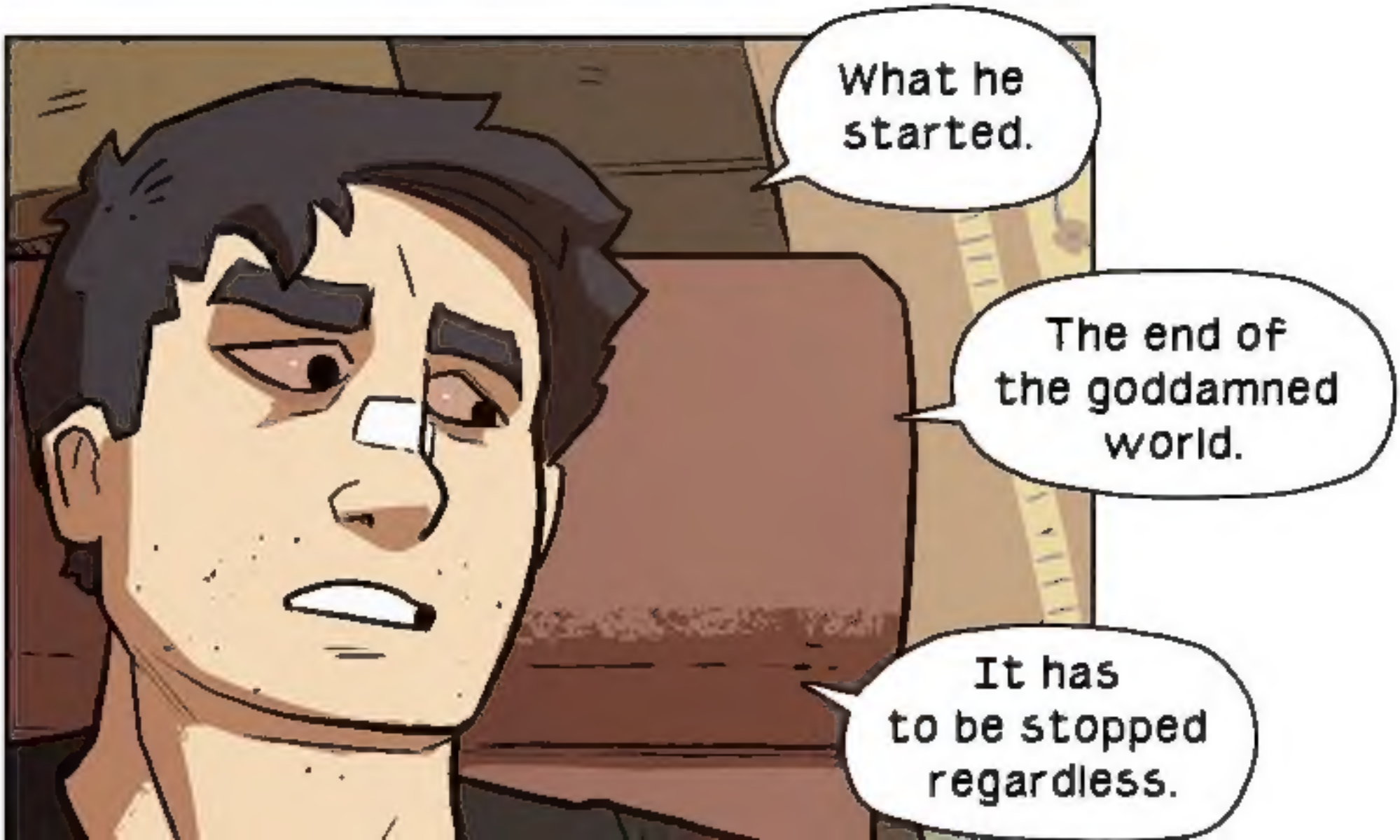
The Hierophant set all of this in motion to convince the Harbinger here to, apparently, ***end*** the ***world***.

A quick and merciful extinction as opposed to a drawn-out and gruesome one.

Don't.
Don't call me Harbinger.
And another thing?


We don't know for sure the Hierophant died that night.


Well if he made it he's in terrible shape. His wounds were grievous, and reincarnation is out of the picture without his reliquary.
It... Frankly it doesn't change a thing.
Whether the Hierophant "lived" or not.
P.A.C.T


What he started.
The end of the goddamned world.
It has to be stopped regardless.

RNESS
ACHING

Patreon – patreon.com/derelict

Tumblr – bfleuter.tumblr.com

Twitter – twitter.com/bfleuter

Store – bfcomics.bigcartel.com